

Early in the Spring

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AFS 1611 B1

Early, early in the spring, I was pressed onboard to serve my king, To leave my dearest,
dear behind, Who oft had told me her heart was mine.

As I rolled her in my arms, I thought she had ten thousand charms, With compliments and
kisses sweet, Promised to marry the next time we meet.

As I sailed all oe'er the seas, I took this kind opportunity, To write kind letters to my dear,
But nothing from her could I hear.

Till I wrote to her father's, father's hall, And for my dearest loud did call, Saying, "Where's
the darling of my eye. Where all the joy and comfort lie."

The old man rose and then replied, "Young man I fear you'll be denied, My daughter's
married a richer life, Therefore, I pray seek another wife."

Oh, curse all gold and silver too, Yes, curse a girl that won't prove true, And one that will
her promise break, And another wed for his riches sake.

I'll stay no longer here on shore, But cut my way where the cannon roar, Yes, cut my way
where the bullets fly, And sail the seas till the day I die.

"Billy, Billy, stay on shore, Don't cut your way where the cannon roar, Nor cut your way
where the bullets lie, There's many a handsomer girl than I."

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"If you wrote kind letters to this town, I could prove to you I received none, If the fault is great, the faults not mine, So don't reflect on the female kind."

As I was walking London Street, A letter I saw beneath my feet, And on its back these words were wrote, A constant love is ne'er forgot.

So dig my grave both wide and deep, Place a marble stone at my head and feet, And on my breast, a turtle dove, To show to the world that I died for love.